

Warning or Lanthorn to London, by the doleful destruction of faire Jerusalem, whose misery and unspeakable Plague doth most justly declare Gods heavy wrath and judgement for the sins and wickednes of the people, except by Repentance we call to God for mercy. To the tune of Brigandine.



When faire Jerusalem did stand,
Whom God did love so deare,
Whom he did keepe with his right hand,
as plainly did appear:

For when the people went astray,

What plagues he sent them presently:

With O sorrow, pittifull sorrow,

Good Lord thy vengeance spare,

Through his Temple there did stand,

Whose beautie did surpass:

He onely beauty of the Land

Where Gods true honour was;

But when the Lord did on them scorne,

He same was spoyled and thowen down.

With O sorrow, &c.

And for the peoples wickednesse

Whiche in the City dwelt

The Land was brought to great distresse

and many plagues they lete:

Their enemies they did abond.

That they besieg'd the City round:

With O sorrow, &c.

The mighty Emperour then of Rome,

The Lord infury sent.

To byng them all to deadly done,

Who wold not once repente:

Alben haue a year he there had lise.

The people then began to pine:

With O sorrow, &c.

The wome which one man did eate,

Another man did eate,

Theire very dung they laid not wale,

But made thereof thair meat;

And though this famine long began,
The Mother was glad to eate her Son:
With O sorrow, &c.

The gallant Ladies of that place,
Whose pride did late excell,
Full lean and withered was her face,
Their bones a man might tell:
And they that were so darby fine.
Through hunger great to death did pine:
With O sorrow, &c.

The dead men covered all the ground
of faire Jerusalem,
Such pestilence did there abound,
And so infested them,
That many a thousand there did dye
Whiche still unburied there did lye:
With O sorrow, &c.

Yet would not they give over the Towne,
For all this grievous case.
Untill their Enemies poll'd it down,
And all the walls did rase:
And all the Jewes that lived then,
They took them prisoners every one:
With O sorrow, &c.

And those that were of noble birth,
The Conquerour took away,
The rest the Emperour did make
His hardy Shoulders prep,
Whiche then for Slaves did sell them bound,
Even thirty for a penny round:
With O sorrow, &c.

The wome which one man did eate,

Another man did eate,

Theire very dung they laid not wale,

But made thereof thair meat;

For two years space besyze the war,
Within the sky so bright,
You like a swoge, a blazing Star
hung over the City right
And in the shires ther might see plaine
How men of war did fight amain.
With O sorrow, &c.

Yet would they not their litte lame
in any kind of case,
Nor once within their hearts repente,
And call to God for grace,
Untill his wrath on them did fall,
And that they were destroyed all:
With O sorrow, &c.

O noble London warning take
by faire Jerusalem,
And to the Lord thy prayers make,
lest thou be like to them;
For if he will not spare the Jewes,
Thinke thou he will thy sins excuse:
With O sorrow, &c.

They shes as greatly do abound,
Sai London then beware,
Lest God in wrath do thee confound,
With sorrow gret and care.
For many signs he thare hath sent
That thou mayst yet thy lifelament:
With O sorrow, &c.

Let not the wealthie of the Land
In riches put their crose,
They cannot keepe them from the hand
of him that is most just:
Their Gold will do them little good,
If he with-hold their daily food:
With O sorrow, &c.

The wome eke so faire a face,
And of such daintie taste,
Let them think on their gribous case,
Whom Famine did so waste:
And not despise the por to fed,
Lest they do cry when they have need:
With O sorrow, &c.

O Lord we pray for Christ his sake
Our gribous plagues remove,
And on the Land som mercy take,
For Jesus Christ his love:
Preserue our King from casualty,
Whiche losse would make us weep and cry,
With O sorrow, pittifull sorrow,
Good Lord thy vengeance spare. Finis

Of the horrible and woful destruction of Jerusalem, and the signs and tokens that were seen before it
was destroyed, which destruction was after Ch. st. Ascension xlii. years.

To the tune of The Queens Almaine.

A D Emperour Vespasian

Sometime in Rome there was
Though whom much dolor then began
Of mortall warr alas,
Within two years that he did reign,
He put the Jewes to mickle pain.
With fire and sword both took and slain,
His power so brought to passe:
His son Titus having no bread
His arm over Iudea spread,
The people to the City fled,
hoping to haue redresse.
Before Titus Vespasian comre
Unto these warrs did go,
Was after Ascension
long toxy years and two:
Then did the Romanes with such pride,
Betet the Land both far and wide,
And being then on every side,
To their great pain and wo.
They brought the Jewes in such a case,
The Prophecie to bring to passe,
Spoke by the Lord when he thare was,
The scripture so doth say.

What prudeng Jew Josephus sayes,
Who did not write in vain,
That he was present in those dayes,
And saw this mortall pain.
When that Titus both bold and stont,
Betet Jerusalem about,
That none might haue issue out
No way but to be slain:
For Titus his chiefe Captaine was
The siege when he had brought to passe,
Great was the cry wo and alas,
The stow both make plain.

He lopt their Pipes and Conduits all,
That no water might passe,
With famine they were in great thall,
most wofull was their case:
They were constrained to that need,
With hose and alle themselves to feed,
Both Dog and Cat thare do I read,
most nighly meat it was:
The hunger there it was so great,
One a boord was anothers meat,
There was no way for to intreat,
But present death alas.

Sixt montys this siege it did hold on,
About the City great,
There was many a Mothers sonne,
Did starbe for lacke of meat.
The famous Ladys of that towne,
That were before of high renoun,
For want of food fell in a swoon,
There was nothing to get:

The stow thus doth speche,
The Mothers most unnatural,
They leue their children miffully,
And roasted them to eat.

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Before the signe of armes,
The space of all one year.

Over the town was seen a starr,
most blazynge bright and clear:

So like a sworde in shape it was,
Wherewith great grieve and wonder was,

When these signes did appear,
More ver in the ayre so bright,

With Poles, spears, & swords so bright,
There came men ready for to fight,

To shew their time was neare,
A Festival day in April.

To halloow they were bight,
And suddenly among them selfe

A maruellous strange sight:
So bright and clear with such a gleam,

Passing the Sun as it did seem,
But what it meant no man could dene,

But were all in soore sight:
But while the Priest did this indure,

To offer a Lamb they did their cure,
Wherewith Colse a thing against natur,

Brought forth a Lamb in sight,

Such many tokenes contrary,
Whiche did Prognosticate,

And to the Jewes did signifie
Their wofull fall and fate;

Before that Titus warres began,
Four yeres of space this profe I can,

Sow that the somme of one rude man,
A manis low of state:

He ran the streets in such a rage,
Being a child of tender age,

To call and cry he did not swage,
Repente ere it be too late.

But for his paines he was well bent,
His bad besyng his hire,

For truth they did him evill intreit,
And gainst him did conspire:

But yet he creped, and would not lin,
Wher he was able yet to run,

Saying, Woe to Jerusalem,
for kindling of Gods ire;

Woe be to thee and to thy Land,
Thou art beset in wofull band,

The day of sorow is at hand,
Of famine sword and fire.

Now seeing that this Jerusalem,
As scripture doth tell true,

Was plagued for the sinnes of men
which Romanes obtruw:

What shall the Lord to us orpresse
That do live in such excesse

Of iherodom, pride and covetousnesse
more riche then did he Jeeve:

There one is our example this.

Amend the thing that is amisse,
That we may haue eternall blisse,

by Christ our Lord Jesu.